Hot. That Roane ſhal be my throne. Well, I will backe him ſtraight. *Eſperance*, bid *Butler* lead him foorth into the parke.

La. But heare you my Lord.

Hot. What ſaieſt thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horſe (my loue) my horſe.

La. Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not ſuch a deale of ſpleene, as you are toſt with. In faith Ile know your buſines *Harry*, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth ſtir about his title, & hath ſent for you to line his enterpriſe, but if you go.

Hot. So far a foote, I ſhall be weary, loue.

La. Come, come, you Paraquito, anſwere me directly, vnto this queſtion that I ſhal aske: in faith Ile break thy little finger *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away you trifler, loue; I loue thee not,
I care not for thee *Kate*, this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,
We muſt haue bloudie noſes, and crackt crownes,
And paſſe them current too: gods me my horſe.
What ſaiſt thou *Kate*; what wouldſt thou haue with me?

La Do you not loue me? do you not indeede?
Wel, do not then: for ſince you loue me not,
I will not loue my ſelfe Do you not loue me?
Nay, tel me if you ſpeake in ieaſt, or no?

Hot. Come wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſe back, I will ſweare,
I loue thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,
I muſt not haue you henceforth, queſtion me?
Whither I go: nor reaſon where about.
Whither I muſt, I muſt: and to conclude,
This euening muſt I leaue you Gentle *Kate*.
I know you wiſe, but yet no farther wiſe,
Then *Harry Percyes* wife. conſtant you are,
But yet a woman, and for ſecrecy,
No Lady cloſer, for I will beleeue,
Thou wilt not vtter what thou doſt not know:
And ſo farewill I truſt thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How, ſo far?

Hot.